THE

HAPPY CAPTIVE,

AN

Engliſh OPERA.

WITH AN

INTERLUDE,

In Two Comick SCENES,

BETWIXT

Signor CAPOCCIO, a Director from the *Canary* Iſlands; and

Signora DORINNA, a Virtuoſa.

Written by Lewis Theobald.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, and Sold by *J. Brindley* in *New Bond-ſtreet.* 1741.

(Price One Shilling.)

THE

CAPTIVA,

AN

OPERA.

AS

INTERLUDE,

In Two Graphic SCENES;

PERFORMED

Signor Cazzoni, a Dancer from the

Opera, and

Signora D[illegible] a Venetian.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author, and Sold by J. Pridden,

in New-Bond-Street, 1794.

(Price One Shilling.)

To the Right Honourable

My Lady *MONSON.*

MADAM,

THE *Captive*, who presumes to throw himself at your Ladyship's Feet, will be truly *happy*, and proud of his Freedom, if he may be indulg'd in the Honour of your Protection. I hope, I shall not offend in this unauthoriz'd Address: I knew, I could not obtain Permission, from your Ladyship's Generosity of Soul, to pay an Address, or rather Debt, merely of Gratitude, for those many and unbounded Obligations which I owe to your

noble Family; and in that View alone it is, I venture to approach you in this publick Manner.

I have no Occaſion to inform your Ladyſhip, but I have an Ambition of informing the World, that every Faculty and Talent which I am poſſeſs'd of, are deriv'd from, and cultivated by, the Bounty of your Illuſtrious Father. He condeſcended to patronize me from the Cradle; ſkreen'd me from the Diſtreſſes of Orphanage, and a ſhatter'd Fortune; and gave me an Education, which I may boaſt to have been liberal and polite, ſince, for ſeven Years together, I had the Happineſs of being the Companion, and

Fellow-Student with your noble Brother, my Lord SONDES. If I have not made all the Advantages, which might have accrued from ſo favourable a Situation in Life, it is, that Nature had not done her Part, and all Soils are not equally ſuſceptible of Improvement. Whatever elſe I may be defective in, I can eaſily forgive to any Cauſe; ſo I am not wanting in a Diſpoſition to Gratitude.

I do not preſume, *Madam*, to recommend myſelf by giving any Detail of your private Virtues; I ſhould be ſorry to have them fall under the Hands of ſo bad a Painter: But whilſt I have any Portion of Senſe and Memory left, I ſhall be proud,

proud, in all Commands, of profeſſing myſelf,

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's moſt

Dutiful, obedient, and

Oblig'd Humble Servant,

LEW. THEOBALD.

A D-

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT may not be amiſs to take Notice, that, as the Subject of this *Opera* is not drawn from real Hiſtory, ſo neither is it a new Fiction; but ſhadow'd out from a Novel in CERVANTES's *Don Quixote*, (Book IV. of the Firſt Part) call'd, *The Hiſtory of the Slave*. The Readers will find that I have been obliged to alter ſome Circumſtances in the *Novel*, in order to adapt them to the Conduct of a *Drama*. The *Interlude*, which is added in two Comick Scenes, is entirely new to our Climate: and the Succeſs of it is ſubmitted to Experiment, and the Taſte of an Audience.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CARLOS, the Captive.

PIZARRO, his Friend, late a Captive, but ranſom'd.

MORAT, a Moor, deſign'd to marry *Zorayda*.

ZORAYDA in Love with *Carlos*.

SELIMA, courted by *Pizarro*.

Page to *Zorayda*.

SCENE, *Algier*.

INTERLUDE.

Signor CAPOCCHIO, the Director.

Signora DORINNA, the Virtuoſa.

Maid-Servants; Opera-*Dreſſers*.

THE HAPPY CAPTIVE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Court of a Priſon.*

Enter Carlos, *fetter'd*; *a Letter in his Hand.*

Carl. *O Liberty,*
Thou univerſal Hope and Joy!
Let not thy Gifts my Bliſs deſtroy,
Who wiſh not to be free.

Freedom would be my Bane;
Bondage, I bleſs thy Chain:
Thy darling Fetters, Love! I wear,
And Happineſs is only here.
O Liberty, &c.

And Happineſs is only here.
What may ſhe be?—an Angel, ſure:
Her heav'nly Form and Soul
Beſpeak no leſs. With what Profuſion
Of Bounty viſits ſhe my captive State!
Show'rs down her Gold, as ſhe poſſeſs'd
The Wealth of *Africk*'s Mines!——
She bids me here to cheriſh Hopes:
Says, if I not the Means diſdain,
I ſhall be Maſter of my Fate.——
Ingratitude,
I know thee not.—My conſcious Heart

Beats with a fierce Deſire
How to repay my wondrous Debt.
What ſweet Deluſions ſooth my Breaſt,
And to ſome fancied Bliſs invite!
Like one with gawdy Dreams poſſeſs'd,
I fear to wake, and loſe Delight.
Pizarro,——Oh, my Friend!

SCENE II.

Carlos and *Pizarro.*

Carl. What Tidings from the golden Shore,
The Land of Paradiſe?
Piz. What but encreaſing Joys?
The fair *Zorayda*
Salutes you with this Gemm,
(*Delivering him a Jewel.*
The ſecret Pledge of conſtant Faith.
Carl. O lovely, gen'rous Maid!
Thou Miracle of Bounty!
Steal to my Breaſt, dear ſecret Pledge;
Bright Emblem of *Zorayda*'s Eyes,
And Treaſure of my Heart!
Piz. She ſighs to think upon thoſe Bonds:
But——Freedom lives in Hope.
Carl. My Chains are Bracelets, whilſt I live her Slave.
Piz. She was, like you, a Captive once;
Like you, *Spain* claims her Birth.
In earlieſt Infancy
She with her Mother (then the Boaſt
Of *Saragoſſa*'s Plains;)
By Corſairs was ſurpriz'd, and hither brought.
The Moor *Abdalla*,
Your rigorous Maſter now,
Redeem'd them from the Pirates' Hands:
Beneath his Roof receiv'd his purchas'd Prize,
And,

And, vanquish'd by the Mother's Charms,
Soften'd their Doom of Bondage;
But soon the mourning Matron dy'd.——
Carl. Alas! There poor *Zorayda*'s Breast
First heav'd with Sorrow's Pangs.
Piz. The tender Maid, with thousand soft At-
[tractions
Won on her Mooriſh Maſter's Heart.
Careful, he rear'd her blooming Youth;
To *Turkiſh* Doctrines sway'd her yielding Mind;
And ſtiles the beauteous Proſelyte his Child.
Carl. Pernicious Zeal!——
Piz. By Cuſtom and Conſtraint
Her Service, not her Heart, conſents,
Her Mother's Shade, a Call from Heav'n,
(For ſo the pious Virgin deems;)
Invite her longing Thoughts
To ſeek her native Clime, and native Faith.
But, for the Means——
Carl. For that alone I would be free!
Where learn'd my Friend
This Story of her Fortunes?
Piz. From *Selima*;
The fair, inchanting *Selima:*
The Partner of her inmoſt Thoughts.
Carl. Thanks to the virtuous Maid!
Piz. Forgive a Lover's Fondneſs:
Rapture and Joy are in her Name.

Gentle Love, thou Source of Pleaſure,
Tranſports yielding without Meaſure,
Only bleſs'd, when we obtain thee,
Only ſavage Hearts diſdain thee:
Sweet thy Tumults, ſoft thy Anguiſh,
Inly ſoothing paſt expreſſing:
Comforts blending as we languiſh,
Ev'ry Pang becomes a Bleſſing.

 Carl. My

Carl. My ſympathizing Heart
Bounds with the ſame Delight.
Zorayda ſits inthron'd within my Breaſt,
And fills each vital Part with Joy.

Piz. Retire, and know what Bliſs attends thee.—
Soon as Suſpicion's Ear is ſtop'd,
And Night and friendly Silence reign,
A ſubterranean Vault,
That opens to your Cell,
And to the Moor *Abdalla*'s Garden leads,
Shall guide you to your lov'd *Zorayda*'s Preſence.—
She truſts you far: Let ſafe Diſcretion
Set Limit to your Tranſports.——
I muſt return: Cloſe to your Cell,
And wait th'expected Hour.

Carl. Now, Bleſſings on thy Soul!

(*Embracing, and exit* Pizarro.

SCENE III.

Carlos *alone.*

Carl. Am I on Earth? Or, like to raptur'd Bards,
Mount I the Heav'ns, and tread on Stars?
Come, ſable Night; thou bliſsful Time,
Which Lovers never think too long,
Wrap me in thy inchanting Shades:
I ſicken at the Sun.——

Exit Carlos.

SCENE IV.

A Garden. Zorayda *and* Selima *come forward, as from an Arbour.*

Zor. My Breaſt is like a troubled Sea,
Toſs'd by unruly Winds.
Fears---Wiſhes---Doubts---and flatt'ring Hopes,

With

With momentary, varying Rage,
Like Wave on Wave, succeed by Turns,
And dash each other out.

Sel. Your wonted Constancy returns:
Oft the conflicting Soul,
Flutter'd with wild Suspense,
(Like tender Bird in Air too rude,)
Forms to itself imaginary Tumults.

Zoray. O *Selima!* Indulgent Maid!
Reason, and conscious Honour
Tell me, I've been too rash:
How may the censuring World impeach my Name,
And envious Obloquy
Stain and misconstrue what I've done!
Ev'n *Carlos* too, perhaps,
Shall with ungen'rous Thought arraign
The Fondness of my Heart,
Wounding my Love with sland'rous Imputation.

———

Like to the tender, fragrant Flow'r,
Subject to ev'ry blasting Pow'r,
Virgins by Trust are oft undone.

Virtue, that Rose, which, void of Dread,
Securely rears its gaudy Head,
Feels the chill Wind, or scorching Sun.

Like to the tender, &c.

But see, *Pizarro* comes:
The ebbing Blood forsakes my Cheek,
To tell my Heart, he comes.——

SCENE V.

SCENE V.

Zorayda, Selima, Pizarro.

Piz. Hail, virtuous Maids! How well your Beauties
Supply the waining Day?
The buſie Heav'n
Is lighting up its choiceſt Lamps
To guide the happy *Carlos* to his Bliſs.

Zoray. Does he with willing Soul embrace my Summons?

Piz. Not with more Pride the lawrell'd Chief
Mounts his triumphal Carr:
Not with more Ecſtacy of Love
Greet I my darling *Selima*.

Zoray. How like a wanton Prodigal
I've ſet my Fortunes all at Stake!
Should he prove falſe———

Piz. Diſtruſt not ſo your Charms:
Thoſe beauteous Eyes muſt bind his Soul
In adamantine Chains.

Sel. Ha! my deluded Heart!
Softneſs and Paſſion
Steal thro' his Looks, and tremble on his Tongue.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, my Lord *Abdalla*
With moſt impatient Haſte
Demands your Preſence.

Zoray. Say, I attend his Will.

Exit Page.

My Boſom's full of many Cares.
Let me, before you ſeek Repoſe,
Partake your friendly Counſels.

(*To* Selima,
Pizarro,

Pizarro, ——
My Fate depends upon your Faith.
Exit Zorayda.

SCENE VI.

Pizarro, Selima.

Piz. My *Selima!*
Sel. Her Fate depends upon your Faith.——
Piz. What means my Fair?
Sel. Diſtruſt not ſo your Charms:
Thoſe beauteous Eyes muſt bind his Soul
In adamantine Chains.——
Perfidious Wretch!
Piz. From what a Spirit comes This?
Sel. Take back your fickle Vows,
Breath'd to the liſt'ning Heav'ns in vain;
I ſcorn to ſhare in a divided Heart.
Your Sex is all Deluſion.——

Cheated by flatt'ring Words and Sighs,
Profeſſions, Oaths, and ſtreaming Eyes,
We fall your eaſy Prey.

Ruin and Death are in your Smile,
And, like the treach'rous Crocodile,
You weep but to betray.

Piz. Ah, cruel and injurious Maid!
With your keen Ponyard pierce my Breaſt;
But do not wound my Faith.
Sel. Your Faith is tainted by *Zorayda*'s Eyes.
Piz. Harbour not ſuch a Thought.
If I am falſe, the vengeful Pow'rs,
That witneſs to a Lover's Truth,
Strike me with Miſery! Swift Lightnings blaſt me!
Or, what I moſt ſhould dread, let Death
Come wing'd from *Selima*'s reſenting Frown!
Sel. Enough;

Sel. Enough; I'm ſatisfied:——
What moſt we value, moſt we fear to loſe.
Piz. O Sounds to chear a loveſick Heart!
Sweet as the Muſick of the Spheres
Sung to by Angels Notes!
The Tranſports of my Joy
O'erpow'r all Senſe.——My kindeſt Fair,
O let me lead thee to that bliſsful Bow'r
Where firſt I breath'd my Love;
There I'll recount a thouſand Vows
Of firmeſt Conſtancy;
Whilſt Zephyrs with officious Zeal
Waft 'em, like Incenſe, to the purple Heavens.
Sel. Too frail are Women's Hearts.
Take heed, how with a Syren's Song
You cheat my credulous Soul.

Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

Changes to Carlos's *Cell.*

Carlos *alone.*

Carl. How am I tortur'd on the Rack
Of fierce Impatience!——Mortal Joys
Are ever daſh'd with theſe Abatements,
To teach us what we are.——
My Eyes are Traytors, or a Gleam of Light
Breaks on my gloomy Cell;
Fair as the Beam that dawn'd on Chaos firſt,
And gladden'd ſpringing Nature's Face;
Sweet as the Bliſs-inviting Taper,
That flam'd from *Hero*'s Wave-beat Tow'r,
To guide *Leander* to the Virgin's Arms.
Auſpicious Love,
Befriend thy faithful Votary!

Enters the Vault.

SCENE VIII.

SCENE VIII.

Proſpect of a Grotto in Abdalla's *Garden.*

Enter Zorayda, *veil'd.*

Zoray. He cannot miſs the Way.
Thro' the long Vault a Train of Lamps
Shoot their directing Fires.———
A Lover's ſecret Steps ſhould be
Fleet as the Air, and ſofter than the Down
Of *Cytherea*'s Doves.——He comes;
Be ſtill, my lab'ring Heart!

SCENE IX.

Carlos *from the Grotto, and* Zorayda.

Carl. Cynthia, who deign'd on *Latmos*' Brow
To greet *Endymion*, lowly Swain,
Came not in Cloud:
But, liberal, to the happy Boy
Diſplay'd the Treaſure of her Charms.
Zoray. I would have ſkreen'd the mantling [Blood,
That flushes to my Cheek:——
But, ſee, you are obey'd. [*Unveiling.*
Carl. O Beauties, orient as the Morn,
When with her earlieſt roſy Beams
She paints the crimſon Skyes!
Zoray. Stranger, our Conf'rence muſt be ſhort.
What wou'd I ſay?——If that your Eye
Be not inthrall'd, and your ty'd Heart
Owns not ſome happier Virgin's Sway,
The reſt let Bluſhes ſpeak.
Carl. Witneſs ye Heav'ns, and kindly Stars,
That govern human Fates,

Whilſt, with tranſported Tongue, I vow
This Heart was free as Air,
Till fetter'd by thoſe Eyes.

Zoray. *Echo, that tuneful Strain prolong,*
'Tis Muſick fit to ſwell thy Song:
Teach ev'ry vocal Vale and Grove
To catch, and ſpread, the Voice of Love.

My Soul with Bliſs ſo full is crown'd,
Death only now my Peace can wound.

Echo, that tuneful, &c.

Carl. What have the myſtick Fates in Store,
To make me yet more bleſs'd?
Zoray. Leave that to Time.
Approve your Faith and conſtant Heart,
Ourſelves will guide our Fates.
Take this, and with a ſerious Soul
Weigh its Contents.

(*Giving him a Paper.*

Carl. Oh, let me on my Knees receive
The Harbinger of Joy:
And on that ſnowy Hand impreſs
My Vows of pureſt Faith.
Zoray. I grow too laviſh of my Fame,
And play with Danger.———
If I appear not cheap in your Eſteem,
Faithful *Pizarro* will aſſiſt
To lead us thro' the Maze of winding Fortune.
I ſtay too long.

DUETTO.

Carl. *'Tis Night indeed now you depart,*
Zoray. { *I feel the* / *Let not a* } *Gloom o'erſpread* { *my* / *your* } *Heart.*

Carl.

Carl. *When* } *ſhall gay Comfort* } *my* }
Zoray. *Soon* } *eaſe* } *your* } *Heart.*
Both. *And Hours of Bliſs return again.*

'Tis Night, &c.

They go out ſeparately: Carlos *to the Grotto; and* Zorayda *as to* Abdalla's *Houſe.*

End of the Firſt ACT.

AN

INTERLUDE,

In Two Comick SCENES,

BETWIXT

Signor *Capoccio*, a Director from the *Canary* Iſlands; and
Signora *Dorinna*, a Virtuoſa.

SCENE I.

A Chamber. Dorinna; *and two Chambermaids ſetting the Room in order.*

Dorin. QUick, quick, diſpatch, and mind Affairs,
Bring the Spinett, and ſet the Chairs.
(Oh! how much Patience had One need
With this perverſe, vexatious Breed!)
They know, this Inſtant I expect here
A Foreigner, *et un Directeur*;
Yet, what a Litter all about?
Fly, fly, begone, and wait without:
And there attend my Ambaſciata's.——
[*Exeunt Chambermaids.*
Now, let me run o'er theſe Cantata's.

This

This is too difficult;——This, out of Faſhion;
Void of all modern Grace and Paſſion.——
What Tranſports can that Muſick make,
That wants the Semi-demi Quavers and the Shake?
O, This will do:—But, hark! 'Tis He:
Eſcourt Him up immediately.

Signor Capoccio *introduc'd.*

Capoc. Madam,——
Dorin. Signor *Capocchio*,——
I am profoundly yours. Your Chair, I pray.——
Capoc. Signora *Dorinna*,——
To ſtand a Summer's Day,
Ev'n tho' the Dogſtar were at height,
On your Commands would be Delight.
Dorin. (A Compliment extravagant!) Signor,---
Capoc. Madam, *ſon voſtro Servitor.*
Madam, in our *Canary* Iſles,
(Where Nature ſo on Muſick ſmiles,
The very Birds expreſs ſuch Notes,
As *Orpheus'* Soul inform'd their Throats:)
A pompous Theatre we boaſt,
(Supported at the publick Coſt,)
For Which your humble Slave comes hither
To get a Company together:
Your ſelf the Chief of our Ambition;
No Voice with Your's in Competition.
Dorin. I've four or five Sollicitations
Preſs'd on me ſtrong from diff'rent Nations,
Muſt therefore think t'engage me, where
Terms are moſt promiſing and fair.
Capoc. Madam, Directors in *Canary*
From Thoſe of other Nations vary;
We pour our Gold by Bags-full down;
Agree, and make the Terms your own.
Dorin. That Article, indeed, has Weight;
Tho' there is one Objection yet,——

Capoc.

Capoc. Pray, what?
Dorin. Our Language would be new,
Quite foreign, and unknown to You.
Capoc. Eh! make no Strain of that Affair;
We give a Book to the Parterre;
And ſo the Singing be but good,
No Reaſon, Words be underſtood.
Dorin. In Airs, perhaps, you may diſpenſe
With a convenient Want of Senſe;
But where the Buſineſs is on Foot,
Some Senſe is neceſſary to't.
Capoc. There You miſtake Us: In our Nation,
At ſuch Time 'tis the reigning Faſhion
For Pit and Boxes, *tête à tête*,
To laugh aloud, and joke, and prate.
Dorin. If it be ſo indeed, 'tis well.
Capoc. Now freely your Pretenſions tell.
Dorin. I muſt in Mind th'Affair revolve,
Before I can at once reſolve.

Capoc. *Reſolve, and to your ſweet Controul*
I make the Tender of my Soul.
Thoſe brilliant Eyes, like Lamps, inſpire
My glowing Breaſt with fierce Deſire,
I ſigh;——but ev'ry Sigh is Fire.
Dorin. You are ſo courteous,——
Capoc. —— O my Heart!
One Air, I hope, e'er I depart.
Dorin. How ſtrange his Figure and his Faſhion!
Capoc. You will——(ſhe's full of Affectation.)
Dorin. Excuſe me, I'm ſo very hoarſe.
Capoc. One Song requires not ſo great Force.
Dorin. Nor is the Inſtrument in Tune.
Capoc. I ſhall quite loſe all Temper ſoon.
Dorin. Nor I myſelf in Exerciſe.——
Capoc. No matter; you are over-nice.
Keep me no longer in Suſpenſe.
I'm ſick of her Impertinence.——

Dorin.

Dorin. If I comply, 'tis great Aſſurance.
Capoc. Oh, doubt not: This is paſt Indurance.
[*She ſits down to the Spinett.*
Dorin. *Stern God of Love, be not ſo ſpightful,*
Capoc. (Oh, delightful!)
Dorin. *But deign in Pity to relieve A*
Capoc. (*Che viva!*)
Dorin. *A Heart, that ſwells and burſts with Pain.*
Capoc. (That again: O Brava!)
Dorin. *Too, too tyrannick is thy Law,*
Capoc. (*Bell trillo in Verità.*)
Dorin. *Break not, but ſooth me to thy Awe.*
Capoc. (O *Cara!*)
Dorin. *Cruelty never*
Capoc. (*Encor* for ever!)
Dorin. *A Convert did gain.*
Capoc. You ſo excel,
Your Voice is clear as any Bell:
And then ſo voluble your Throat,
That you devour Note after Note.
Dorin. O Sir,——But by your Words, I'm ſure,
You are a perfect Connoiſſeur.
Capoc. I know as much as Gentlemen ſhould [know.
Dorin. You muſt perform to Admiration,
That ſpeak in ſuch a feeling Faſhion.
Capoc. Nay, you ſhall hear: I'm not preciſe;
Nor ſtay to be entreated twice.
[*Draws a Cantata out of his Pocket.*
Dorin. Some Piece, no doubt, of choice Repute.
Capoc. Madam, whene'er I ſing, 'tis known,
The Words and Muſick are my own.
Dorin. A Poet too?
Capoc. There lies my Strength and Excellence,
I've ſuch a Vein and Flow of Senſe,
That, e'er a Month, I'll finiſh clean
Fifteen Productions for the Scene.

Dorin.

Dorin. Prodigious!

[Capoccio *ſits down to the Spinett.*

Capoc. *Thy ſweeteſt Beams of Love impart,*
Bright Salamander *of my Heart!*
My tortur'd Heart, that burns, and fryes,
Beneath the Ætna *of thy Eyes.*
All This to You alone is meant.

Dorin. I thank You for the Compliment.

Capoc. *Soften the Rigours of thy Brow,*
On whoſe broad Arches, all a-row,
Young Cupids ride, and frisk, and play;
And keep eternal Holyday.
What ſay You to't?

Dorin. I can't but wonder at ſo rare a Muſe.

Capoc. Oh,---You ſhall hear this other Air.

Dorin. Let me not treſpaſs, Sir, too far.

Capoc. Madam, I would not ſpare one Note,
Tho' I were ſure to ſplit my Throat.

Dorin. The tedious Fool!

[Capocchio *beginning to ſing.*

Capoc. *Wherefore,* Phillis, *will you be*
Cruel, and unkind, to Me?

[Dorinna *beckons her Maid, who comes to her.*

Dorin. What is't you'd have?——Signor, my
[Maid——

Capoc. Curſe on the damn'd intruding Jade!

Dorin. Signor, a Set of Company
Are met, and only wait for Me.
Pardon,——I muſt be gone at once.

Capoc. Hear but this Chain of Semitones.
'Tis ſhort.——

Dorin. You muſt excuſe me now.

Capoc. With what Impatience ſhall I burn
To haſten my deſir'd Return!

DUETTO.

DUETTO.

Capoc. *I muſt obey my Fate unkind;*
But, think, I leave my Soul behind.
Dorin. *Permit me wait You to your Chair;*
Capoc. *No, I declare.*
Dorin. *I muſt* ———
Capoc.. *You muſt not:---Pray, forbear.*

[She ſtill offering to follow him.

Capoc. *Nay, if you ſtir, I ne'er can go.*
Dorin. *Oh, sì, sì, sì.*
Capoc. *Nò, nò, nò, nò.*

[They go off different Ways with great Ceremony.

End of the Firſt SCENE.

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Abdalla's *Houſe.*

Enter Pizarro *and* Selima.

Piz. THAT tender Love, and ſoft Deſires,
Fierce Jealouſy, ungentle Scorn,
(Diſcordant Twins) ſhould be the Gueſts
Of one fair Boſom!—
Never ſuch Tumult ſhake again
The Region of thy Breaſt!
Sel. You may forgive that Tempeſt,
Which riſes from the Coaſt of Love.———
How fares it with your Friend?
Piz. As with a Man, whom Fortune courts
With all her gayeſt Smiles.———
His Ranſom paid, by *Spaniſh* Friends,
For ſo *Abdalla* deems---Gen'rous *Zorayda!*
He waits but my Approach
To lead him forth to Liberty and Love.
Sel. Fly with the Wings of ſwifteſt Friendſhip
To execute that pleaſing Taſk.
I ſhould accuſe my ſavage Heart
Of ſtern Injuſtice, ſhould he languiſh,
Thro' me, one Moment in his Bonds.
Piz. Are all your ruffled Thoughts at Peace?
Sel. They are---they are---Oh, ſtay not to reply.
Haſtening him out, exit Pizarro.

SCENE II.

Selima *alone.*

Sel. The Fates are buſy in our Aid;
Heav'ns proſper the Event!———
Hope lifts me up above myſelf:

And,

And, to diſtruſt, were Cowardice of Mind,
That merits not Succeſs.

Like Diamonds, bright
Thro' darkeſt Night,
The Brave their Souls diſplay.

Conqueſt purſues,
And Fortune wooes,
Where Courage leads the Way.

SCENE III.

Selima, *and* Zorayda, *to her, weeping.*

Sel. Ha! whence theſe Tears?
Zoray. Oh, pity my loſt State.
Sel. What unforeſeen Event?
Zoray. Morat——*Morat*——Deteſted Moor!
Demands me for his Wife——*Abdalla,*
Mov'd by his Wealth, his Rank, his Pow'r,
Conſents, enjoins that inſtant I obey.
Sel. What do you then determine?
Zoray. Never to yield to that Embrace.
Sel. Carlos no longer's now a Slave.
Zoray. There Comfort dawns upon my Soul;
And combats with my Fears.

Great God of Love,
Thy Pow'r approve;
To thy protecting Throne I fly.

Within my Breaſt
Thou reign'ſt confeſs'd;
I can be conſtant, or can die,

Great God of Love, &c.

Sel. Dry up your Tears; Art muſt repel
This ſudden Stroke of wayward Fate.
Seem to accept the Match propos'd——
Zoray. How ſhall I teach my Heart that Baſe-
[neſs!
Sel. In Love, Deceit's a venial Crime:
Force juſtifies defenſive Wiles.——
Abdalla this Way bends his Steps;
Leave me to ſooth his credulous Ear
With a deluſive Tale,
How you, in ſecret Tranſport, prize
Th' intended Honour of *Morat*'s Embrace.
Zoray. How will That aid?
Sel. Anon, when, high in Mirth and Wine,
His ſolemn Feſtival he celebrates,
Occaſion ſhall befriend our Counſels,
To form ſome Scheme of ſafe Redreſs.
Retire at once:——
I would not have the ſubtle Moor
See us together——Cheriſh Hope;
We'll teach our Fates to ſmile.

Exeunt ſeparately.

SCENE IV.

Changes to Carlos's *Cell.*

Carlos *alone.*

Carl. The Halcyon, ſure, has built her Neſt
Within my peaceful Boſom:
No——'tis *Zorayda*, (charming Maid!)
Has fix'd her choſen Manſion here:
And, where ſhe dwells,
It muſt be calm, and Sunſhine, all around.

Th'indulgent

Th' indulgent Gods, when they deſign'd
Their choiceſt Bleſſing to Mankind,
Breath'd Love into his raptur'd Soul.
Beauty, celeſtial Gift, was ſent
To ſoften Care, inſpire Content,
And ev'ry Woe of Life controul.

Enter a Mute, who takes off Carlos's *Fetters.*

Carl. Ha! Say, what means this dreaded Cour-
[teſy?——
But thou art mute, and ha'ſt no Tongue
T' expound, or anſwer to my Fears.
Exit Mute.
Serenity, thou ſhort-liv'd Gueſt,
Where art thou fled? Now, in thy room,
Croud in a thouſand boiſt'rous Cares,
Heart-ſick Diſtruſt, and agonizing Pains.——
What have I done, ſo ſoon to forfeit
My Paradiſe of Bliſs!

SCENE V.

Carlos, Pizarro *to him, who runs and embraces him.*

Piz. Welcome to Liberty, my Friend!
Carl. Alas! How can that State be welcome,
Which may for ever ſhut me out
From dear *Zorayda*'s Sight?
Piz. Not ſo the tender Virgin hop'd,
When ſhe contriv'd for your Releaſe.
O Golden Ranſom ill-employ'd,
Were that to be th' Event!
Carl. Do I then to the Charmer's Goodneſs
Owe my Enfranchiſement?
Piz. To her alone —— You now exchange

The

The ſervile Fetters of Conſtraint
For her ſoft, pleaſureable, Chains;
Link'd in the Arms of Love.

Carl. This ſwift Viciſſitude of Fate
Chides my deſponding Soul; and tells me,
Man ought not to deſpair.

Piz. The Heav'ns are watchful for our Good,
When leaſt they promiſe Aid;
Shifting th' uncertain Scene.

As balmy Spring, and Summer gay,
Succeed, and drive out Winter's Day,
So Grief and Pleaſure keep their Round:
Now depreſſing,
Now careſſing,
Fortune varies ſtill her Ground.

Pleaſures bloom as Griefs decay,
Nature's never at a Stay.

As balmy Spring, &c.

Carl. Comfort, how ſweet from Friendſhip's [Tongue!
What now remains my Bliſs to crown?

Piz. My Roof for your Reception waits.
There, Change of Habit is aſſign'd,
Suiting your Change of State.
You muſt the Mooriſh Garb aſſume,
So ſhall you paſs *Abdalla*'s Slaves
Unqueſtion'd, unſuſpected;
And, in your lov'd *Zorayda*'s Eyes,
Pour forth in Thanks your grateful Soul.

Carl. My beſt Deliv'rer!——Time, I truſt,
Shall aid me to requite your Love.
Like guiding *Hermes*, lead me ſtrait

To ſecond Life.——My bounding Heart
Beats with unwonted Joy. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

SCENE, *Abdalla's Garden.*

(Muſick with Trumpets and Tambours heard within.)

Zorayda, Selima.

Sel. Theſe ſprightly Sounds proclaim
Their Revels at the Height. The licens'd Bowl,
At this their ſolemn Feſtival,
Goes round, ev'n till the crimſon Juice
Glows thro' their ſwarthy Cheeks.——
Wherefore ſo penſive?
Greet not your Fortunes with a Brow of Care.

Zoray. Have I not Cauſe with inward Thought
To ruminate th'approaching Change?
I dread th'Event, which moſt I ſeek.——
How will *Abdalla*,
In bitt'reſt Agonies of Soul,
With Imprecations load my Name!
Call me a baſe, perfidious Robber!
And wooe th' avenging Pow'rs with Pray'r
To dart Revenge on my devoted Head!

Sel. Tear not your Breaſt with fruitleſs Fears,
You but reſume your own:
Did he not with rapacious Hands
Seize on your Mother's Wealth, and yours?
Did he not once with brutal Force
Attempt,——But the protecting Heav'ns
Reſcued you from that Shame.

Zoray. Yet has he ſince with tend'reſt Love
Cheriſh'd my Youth.

Sel. Yet would he now, with all that Love,
Commit a Force upon your Heart.——
Flight is the only Safety left:
Unleſs you've taught your abject Soul
To ſtoop to curſt *Morat*'s Embrace.

Zoray. There you awake
A ſleeping Terror in my Breaſt:
Come, *Garlos*, come with Arms of Love;
And ſnatch me from that dreaded Danger.

Like

Like a frail Bark, too weak to brave
The driving Wind, and ſurging Wave,
I float in dread Suſpence.

Fearing at ev'ry Blaſt to run
Againſt thoſe Rocks I cannot ſhun,
And hopeleſs of Defence.

Like a frail Bark, &c.

Sel. See, with important Haſte, and chearful Air,
Your Page advances tow'rds us.

SCENE VII.

Enter Page.

Page. *Pizarro* makes Approach;
With him a comely Stranger Youth,
In Garb a ſeeming Moor,
But of Complexion fair.

Zoray. 'Tis well; their Coming is expected.——
Can'ſt thou be faithful, Boy?
And could'ſt thou be content, ſhould Fate
Invite thy Miſtreſs to ſome diſtant Shore,
Her wand'ring Steps t'attend?

Page. With Marks of ſuch indulgent Favour
You've ſtill o'erpaid my worthleſs Duty,
Tho' Danger frown'd in rudeſt Shape,
I, to the utmoſt Bounds of Earth and Sea,
Would ſue to be your Slave.

True as the Flow'r, that to the Sun
In Pride erects its gaudy Bloom,
I'll watch the Sunſhine of your Eye.

Prepar'd at ev'ry Glance to run,
And execute whate'er you doom,
Tho' Death ſhould in the Service lie.

Zoray. O Virtue far above thy Years!
I'll ſtudy well to prize thy Worth.
They come—— Retire: Occaſion ſoon
Shall put to Proof thy valued Truſt. *Exit Page.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Carlos, Pizarro, Zorayda, *and* Selima.

Carl. Joy of my Eyes, and Tranſport of my [Soul!
'Tis not in Words, tho' ſweeteſt Eloquence
Flow'd from my Tongue, to breath thoſe Thanks,
Which are too big for Thought.
My Length of Days to come ſhall be
In pleaſing Recompence employ'd.
Zoray. Enough; enough:
Think, I have play'd the Miſer's Part;
Who, ſeeing a Manſion pleaſe his Eye,
Buyes it for his Delight.
Piz. We will with diſtant Watchfulneſs pro- [vide,
Leſt any ſudden, rude, Surprize
Break on your ſpringing Loves.
Exit Pizarro, *leading* Selima.

SCENE IX.

Carlos, Zorayda.

Carl. May I on this fair Field of Snow,
Soft as the Cignet's Down,
And balmy as th' *Arabian* Breeze,
Repeat my Vows of laſting Faith,
And call the dear-lov'd Treaſure mine?
Zoray. Are you content to make it ſo?
And, at the Shrine, with ſolemn Rites,
Such as your Country's Laws preſcribe,
To plight your conſtant Faith?
Carl. Not Sickneſs wiſhes more for Health,
Thirſt for the cooling Stream,
Than I for that tranſporting Hour.

Zoray. Then, I am yours.——
Carl. All is *Elyſium* round me;
The Lover's Wiſh, and Poet's Dream;
Rich golden Bow'rs, and Beds of Roſes,
Sabean Groves, and ev'ry Sweet
Fond Nature pours to charm the Senſe.

Whilſt thus I gaze
On Beauty's Rays,
With ſweet Surprize
My raviſh'd Soul ſteals thro' my Eyes,
In killing Ecſtaſy.

So the Lightning's ſubtle Dart
Inſtant pierces to the Heart,
And, e're we feel our Wound, we dye.

Whilſt thus I gaze, &c.

SCENE X.

Pizarro, *with* Selima, *haſtily*; Carlos, Zorayda.

Piz. Their Feaſt is o'er.
Sel. The Train diſperſe.
Zoray. Then muſt we part.
Carl. O killing Grief!
Sel. Morat has ſought you.
(*To* Zorayda.
Carl. Curſe on that Name!
Zoray. Harbour no Fears——
Piz. You muſt give o'er.
Zoray. We ſoon ſhall meet——
Carl. To part no more.

Omnes.

Omnes. *We soon shall meet to part no more.*

Carlos *and* Pizarro *go off one Way;*
Zorayda *and* Selima, *as to the*
House.

End of the Second ACT.

INTERLUDE.

SCENE II.

Signora Dorinna, *ſurrounded with Taylors, Dreſſers, &c.*

Dorin. 'Tis a moſt hideous Dreſs, I ſwear;
Where is the Majeſty, and Air?
The Train of an Imperial Veſt
Should ſweep full three Yards long at leaſt.

Enter Signor Capoccio.

Capoc. See, I'm return'd upon the Wing;
And with Me my Cantata bring.
Dorin. How am I ev'ry Way beſieg'd,
With Plague on Plague!--Sir, your oblig'd.
You'll take This ſhorter up, I hope:
Do but obſerve the odious Slope.——
Capoc. You do perform to Night, I gueſs?
Dorin. O Sir, yes.——
Come, come, diſpatch, without this Pother;
Stick here a Pin, and there another.
Capoc. You act the Heroine of the Piece?
Dorin. O Sir, yes.——
How aukwardly this Sleeve's confin'd!
'Tis pinching Work in ev'ry kind.
Capoc. What Time will the Performance take?
Dorin. O Sir, yes.——
Capoc. What an abſurd Reply is this!
Dorin. No more of your Fatigue: away:
I'll wear it, as it is, to-day.
Capoc. Wretches, begone.

[*The Taylors, Dreſſers, &c. go off.*

That

That Fiddle-faddle's done at laſt.——— [*Aſide.*

Dorin. Theſe Plagues are ſcarce to be ſurpaſs'd.

Capoc. When You a loud Applauſe ſhall hear
From ev'ry Part o'th' Theatre,
Theſe ſlight Fatigues will ceaſe of courſe.

Dorin. I from an Audience fear ſtill worſe.

Humours various as their Faces,
Ever buſy, ſhifting Places,
Serious Stateſmen loud debating,
Flutt'ring Fops as idly prating,
Bowing, ſneezing, ogling, gazing,
Wrongly raptur'd, or diſpraiſing,
All themſelves in kind diſplay.
———:

One your Voice, or Gown, diſpleaſes;
One a Fit of Coughing ſeizes;
Here an inattentive Lover
Wiſhes the dull Stuff were over:
Self-admiring, with Grimaces,
There One trills out mimick Graces;
Boiſt'rous All,---becauſe They pay.

Capoc. Such is your Pow'r and Excellence,
They'll baffle all deſign'd Offence.

Dorin. Then what ſtill gives me freſh Vexation,
I've ſuch a Scene of Agitation,
Where *Cleopatra* comes in Chains,
And mourns her Fate and inward Pains.
I dread the Force of Paſſion, which
May ſtrain my Voice above its Pitch.

Capoc. And 'tis my Grief, I can't be there
To ſee the Joy when you appear.

Dorin. That gives me great Concern; becauſe
I much rely'd on your Applauſe.

Capoc.

Capoc. May I enjoy a little Touch
Of One ſhort Scene?
Dorin. 'Twou'd pleaſe me much;
But without Lights, and Pomp of Scenes,
A Stage, and Croud of Violins,
Action its Dignity muſt loſe.
Capoc. All Theſe we can with Eaſe ſuppoſe.
Be You but *Cleopatra*, here
Are Lights and Scenes; and Muſick, there:
Come with your orient Pearl and Cup,
Make me your *Antony*,——I'll drink it up.
Dorin. That's not our Story; 'tis another;
A Conteſt with the Prince, her Brother.
Capoc. I'm then your Audience:—You appear,
I'll humbly be content to hear:
My Taper, this:—This, my Libretto:——
And now I'm fix'd in my Palchetto.

Dorinna, *as* Cleopatra. *O Walls, and Glooms, and barb'rous Stones!*
Dungeons, unconſcious of my Moans!
Will you not melt to ſet me free,
Whilſt from theſe Eyes I ſhed a Sea?

Capoc. Alas, poor Girl!
Dorin. *Th'Uſurper, that uſurps my Throne,*
(Can Brothers bear ſuch Hearts of Stone?)
Is Ptolomy;
'Tis He; 'tis He!
Capoc. O barb'rous Deed!
Dorin. *Beneath the Load of Chains, and Anguiſh,*
I feel my Limbs and Spirits languiſh.
Tyrannick Tyrant Ptolomy!
Enjoy my Woes and Miſery;
I feel, I faint;—I feel, I die.

Capoc.

Capoc. Water, Water;—Quick, ſome Water.
Dorin. What's the Matter?
Capoc. So to the Life your Part you hit,
I ſwear, I thought you in a Fit.
But, come; now let me have the Air.
Dorin. What Air? The Scene is finiſh'd there.
Capoc. Finiſh'd! The Poet pardon me,
What! end without a Similie!
I, in an Opera of mine,
Did in One Air two Similies joyn:
An Art, ſo quite unknown before,
That the whole Houſe cry'd out, *Encor!*
Dorin. May I not hear it?
Capoc. Surely, yes.
I know, 'twill pleaſe her to Exceſs.—— [*Aſide.*
Suppoſe a Lover in Diſtreſs.

So the poor Butterfly by Night,
Awak'd by Chance, in Dread Affright,
Loſt in its gloomy Flight,
Flutt'ring, flutt'ring,
Inly mutt'ring,
Seems to aſk the Aid of Light.

Or ſo ſome Veſſel on the Seas,
Toſt by the North and Southern Breeze,
Knowing the Wreck that muſt enſue,
For ſwift Redreſs,
Fires off her Cannons of Diſtreſs;
Bum! Bum! Bu! Bu!

Dorin. What Poeſie! You are
In ev'ry Point moſt ſingular.
Capocc. So I've been told a thouſand Times.
I'm never at a Loſs for Rhymes.

Dorin,

Dorinn. Now to our Contract——
Capocc. Oh, that's done.
Dorinn. How! My Pretenſions are not known.
Capocc. I'll ſign a Blank; your own Terms [make;
Only your Slave amongſt 'em take.
Dorin. This I inſiſt, never t'appear
But in the upper Character:
And that my Part be never ſhort.
Capoc. Theſe are but trifling Things; *n'importe.*
Dorin. Then I muſt have, the beſt in kind,
Beyond my Salary aſſign'd,
Choc'late, and Coffee, Sweetmeats, Tea,
Snuffs of all Sort, and Ratifia,
A Table ſpread with no mean Fare,
A handſome Equipage and Chair.
Capoc. All thoſe are *Bagatelles*, ſo you
But to your Slave ſome Favour ſhew:
A Flame ſo fierce I can't endure.

(*A Bell rings.*

Dorin. Hark! This is for the Overture.
Capoc. Plague o'their Haſte, ſo to disjoint
My Hopes, juſt coming to the Point!

DUETTO.

May I have leave to court and coo?
Dorin. *'Tis of the earlieſt yet to wooe.*
I muſt be gone.
Capoc. ——*Faith, ſo muſt I:*
You do not bid me go and dye?
Dorin. *No, no, I do not bid You dye.*

Exeunt ſeparately.

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Part of* Abdalla's *Garden.*

Carlos, *alone.*

Carl. *THUS the poor Turtle, all forlorn,*
Droops for his darling Mate's Return.

Ling'ring Phœbus, *faſter move;*
Abſence is like Death, in Love.
Each long Moment ſeems a Day,
Time ſtands ſtill, when ſhe's away.

Thus the poor Turtle, &c.

SCENE II.

Pizarro *to him,* Carlos.

Carl. What Tidings bears my Friend?

Piz. Moſt opportune, our Bark is hir'd;
A trading Veſſel, quick of Sail,
That, 'twixt *Oran*, and our *Algiers*,
Alternate ſhapes her Courſe:
And ſtill, at her Return,
Moors in yon Creek that bounds *Abdalla*'s Garden
This happy Accident
Blunts all Suſpicion, and befriends
Our ſecret, ſafe, Departure.

Carl. Would, that auſpicious Hour were come!
Oh, that we now,
Rich in the Treaſure of our Loves,
Were bounding o'er the briny Waves!
I, bleſs'd in my *Zorayda*;——

Piz. I, in my *Selima.*
The Hour will come.

Anxious were th'expected Bleſſing,
Did not Hope of ſoon Poſſeſſing
Make Amends for Fate's Delay.

Hope inſures the promis'd Treaſure;
Hope, refining ev'ry Pleaſure,
Paints the diſtant Proſpect gay.

SCENE II.

Carlos, Pizarro, Selima.

Sel. Carlos, hate not th' unwilling Tongue
That bears unwelcome News.
Carl. What do your Words portend?
Sel. To-morrow's Dawn muſt to *Morat,*
Such is *Abdalla's* ſtrict Command,
Yield up *Zorayda's* Hand.
Carl. O dreadful Turn of flatt'ring Fate!
Is Happineſs at beſt an empty Dream
To cheat the credulous Senſe,
And, when the ſhort Deceit is o'er,
Sink us in real Woe?
I cannot live, *Zorayda* loſt.——
Piz. Prevention yet is ours.
We muſt precipitate our Flight;
And, ſoon as Night with ſable Cloud
Inveſts the ſilent Sky,
Hoiſt Sail, and diſappoint the Threats of Fate.
Carl. My Soul's oppreſs'd. O lov'd *Pizarro,*
Exert thy friendly Aid:
Summon each Thought, each ſaving Counſel,
To work our Reſcue in this common Danger!
Sel. All is prepar'd.——

Piz. Our

Piz. Our Bark is ready.
Our Friends, th' Aſſiſtants of our Flight,
Collected, and but wait Command.
Sel. Th' affrighted Maid,
Waits in the lonely Grotto's Shade
To ſigh her laſt Farewell;
Then die, t'approve her Faith.
Carl. Juſt Heav'ns defend! Oh, let me fly,
Swift as the Wings of Love can bear me,
To raiſe the fainting Charmer up:
We ſhall expect you there.——

Exit Carlos.

SCENE IV.

Pizarro, Selima.

Piz. The Time grows buſy, and invites
Our beſt Diſpatch——Is all prepar'd?
Sel. Our Caskets and Attire,
Safely beſtow'd, wait but th' Approach of Gloom
For ſafe Conveyance——We ſhall not come
Two empty Beggars to your Arms.
Piz. O *Selima!*
I have a Soul, that can contemn
External Wealth compar'd with thee.
To fold you thus, is to be rich
As wide *Morocco's* Kings.
Sel. Such ever is the Wooer's Strain;
Soothing us with obſequious Fondneſs:
But when the *Gordian* Knot is ty'd,
You then aſſume tyrannick Sway,
And we're domeſtick Slaves.

Piz. Fear not that Change: You ſhall to Death
Command my fervent Heart.

Sel. *With equal Arts could Virgins meet*
You Men's Deceit,
You then would fear to change.

But fondly ſtill your Vows believing,
Ourſelves deceiving,
We teach you how to range.

Inſtant, let's join our Friends.

Exeunt.

SCENE V.

SCENE, *another Part of* Abdalla's *Garden.*

Enter Morat.

Morat. This ſtubborn Maid meets not my [Flame
With ſuiting Fervour, Scorn and Coldneſs
Sit on her ſullen Brow,
And ſpeak a Heart eſtrang'd.
Shall I then link me to Diſdain?
A gen'rous Pride forbids that Shame.
I'll ſeek her out; and ſound her inmoſt Thoughts.
Here, in her private Haunts, 'tis ſaid,
A ſeeming Turk, a comely White,
Holds her in ſecret Converſe.
That wakes Surmiſe; and juſt Suſpicions
Shall ſpur me to Revenge.

The puny God of Love, who binds
In ſilken Fetters feeble Minds,
No Tyrant o'er this Heart ſhall reign.

With Rage I'll ſcare the idle Boy,
Break all his Darts, his Wiles deſtroy,
And, like the Lion, ſhake my Chain.

Exit Morat.

SCENE VI.

SCENE, *Proſpect of the Grotto.*

Carlos, Zorayda, *weeping.*

Carl. Oh, ſpare that precious, pearly Dew,
Misfortune is too richly graced
With ſuch a Pomp of Sorrow. ——————
My Heart weeps Blood for ev'ry falling Tear.
Teach not diſaſtrous Fate
To grow in Love with Beauty in Diſtreſs.

Zoray. I ſtand as on a Rock: the foaming Waves, with emulous Strife,
Mount up on ev'ry Side
To ſink me in the horrid Deep.

Carl. Fright not thy tender Soul. Theſe Arms of Love,
Strong in thy Aid, ſhall ſnatch thee thence,
And bear thee o'er th'imagin'd Flood.

Zoray. Alas! To-morrow —— *Morat* —— I dye beneath that Thought.

Carl. This Night is ours: We'll ſeize the Time,
And be before-hand with the Fates.
A Band of choſen Friends are ready
By Force to bear thee off ſecure,
Should Oppoſition croſs our purpos'd Flight.

Zoray. Tax

Zoray. Tax not my Fondneſs, if I ſeek
Protection in thy Arms:
Here all my Cares are lull'd to Peace.

With what ſecret Charm
Can Love diſarm,
Each raging Tumult of the Breaſt!

SCENE VII.

Morat, *behind*, Carlos, Zoraida.

Mor. 'Tis, as I thought: She's lock'd in his [Embrace.

Zoray. We are ſurpriz'd.

Mor. Perfidious Maid!
And is it thus, your treach'rous Heart
Betrays *Abdalla*'s tender Care.
Ha! wondrous Humbleneſs of Soul!
What, joining with a grov'ling Slave,
New ranſom'd from the Chain?
Inſolent, baſe, Intruder!

Carl. Uncivil, baſe, Barbarian!

Mor. That Garb aſſum'd, diſhoneſtly prophan'd,
To cloak thy guilty, treach'rous Purpoſe,
Demands due Chaſtiſement.

Carl. Hold off; or fear to wake a Rage
Which may be fatal to thee.

Mor. Are you ſo bold?

[*Drawing his Scimitar.*

Zoray. Protect him Heav'ns!

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

As Morat *is going to attack* Carlos, *enter* Pizarro *with Sailors.*

Pizar. Seize on the boiſt'rous Moor;
Diſarm his dang'rous Hand.
Mor. Villainous Traytors!
Pizar. Go, bind him to ſome diſtant Tree;
If he reſiſts, or with a clam'rous Tongue
Preſumes t'impede our Safety,
That Scimitar inſtructs you what to do.
Mor. Curſe on my adverſe Stars!
[Morat *dragg'd off.*
Carl. Still my Preſerver! Oh, what Thanks!
Zorayda,—thy poor flutt'ring Heart
Pants like the captiv'd Dove with Fear.
All's well, my Love.

How returning Beauties break,
Like radiant Morn,
All proud t'adorn,
And with new Crimſon paint thy Cheek!

Such Luſtre young Aurora *pours,*
And wakes to Life the ſpringing Flow'rs.

Pizar. The Ev'ning's Gloom deſcends apace;
And from the Shore a fav'ring Breeze
Plays in the ruſtling Shrouds,
Inviting our Eſcape.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Selima, Carlos, Zorayda, Pizarro.

Sel. In the dark Grove, that fronts the Shore,
Your truſty Page, in ſecret Watch,
Broods o'er our Caskets ſafely ſtow'd,
And waits impatient of Command.

Carl. Time and our Safety urge the inſtant Hour,
And chide Delay.—Smile, my *Zorayda*,
And charm the Heav'ns to bleſs our Flight!

CHORUS.

The fav'ring Gales
Swell out our Sails,
And to the Main invite:

Venus, *aſſwage,*
Thy Ocean's Rage,
And aid thy Votaries' Flight.

FINIS.